You'd haue enough.

Def. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeach.

Iag. In faith too much:
I find it ſtill, for when I ha leaue to ſlee pe,
Mary, before your Ladiſhip I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your houſewifery; and houſewiues in your beds.

Def. O fie vpon thee ſlanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turke*,
You riſe to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iag. No, let me not.

Def. What wouldſt thou write of me,
If thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not criticall.

Def. Come on, aſſay—there's one gon to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe:
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?

Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muſe labors,
And thus ſhe is deliuered:
If ſhe be faire and wiſe, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vſe, the other vſeth it.

Def. Well prais'd: how if ſhe be black and witty?

Iag, *If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,*
Shee'l finde a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.

Def. Worſe and worſe.

Em. How if faire and fooliſh?

Iag. *She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,*

For

For euen her folly helpt her to an Heire.

Def. Theſe are old parodoxes, to make fooles laugh
What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her,
That's foule and fooliſh?

Iag. *There's none ſo foule, and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foule prankes, which faire and wiſe ones doe.

Def. O heauy ignorance, that praiſes the worſt be
praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman inde
in the authority of her merits, did iuſtly put on the v
malice it ſelfe?

Iag. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure flye;
She that in wiſedome, neuer was ſo fraile,
To change the Codſhead for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne're diſcloſe her minde,
See Suters following, and not looke behinde:
She was a Wight, (if euer ſuch Wight were,)

Def. To doe what?

Iag *To ſuckle fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.*

Def. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband:
How ſay you *Caſsio*, is he not a moſt prophane and liber
Counſellour?

Caſ. He ſpeakes home Madam you may reliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well ſed, whiſp
little a webbe as this, will I enſnare as great a Flie as *Ca*
vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtſhip: y
tis ſo indeed. If ſuch trickes as theſe ſtrip you out of y
nantry, it had been better you had not riſt your three fi
which now againe, you are moſt apt to play the ſir in:
well kiſt, and excellent courteſie; tis ſo indeed: yet agai
gers at your lips? would they were Cliſterpipes for y
The Moore, I know his ſrumpet. *Trumpet*